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CALIFORNIA

and other selected

POEMS

1060
1276

From the Writings of

Arthur Franklin Fuller

(Literary Production No. 38)

AUTHOR OF

A Book of Poems, Vol. 1

A Book of Poems, Vol. 2

The Golden Chalice and Other Poems

By the Fire-Place and Other Poems

Brother Mine and Other Poems

Friendship and Other Writings

The Joyous Life—Seven Essays: 1, The Joyous Life; 2, Education; 3, At the Foot of the Rainbow; 4, Ambition; 5, Benevolence; 6, Faith; 7, Work

Wrestling the Wolf

An Old Soldiery

Kathleen

Music Lore, and 27 Other Books

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CALIFORNIA

Your letter came today and pleased me well—
I'm glad to sit right down and try to tell
What can be found in this dear "Golden State";
Don't think I over-draw; *I'll tell it straight.*

Within its boundaries you can find
Most every climate you can call to mind;
Yet for the most part, it is milder here,
And nearly ideal, any time of year.

The East lies buried deep in ice and snow,
When here the grass and trees their greenest show;
The sky is bright and sun shines clear most days
In California—theme for poet's lays.

Electric lines, like giant spider webs,
Convenience give—the steam roads' prestige ebbs;
While miles of boulevard lie beside the sea,
And lead o'er hill, o'er vale, by ranch and sea.

You'd see great droves of cattle—herds of sheep
The stock-farms, truck-farms—then your gaze could sweep
O'er groves of walnuts, fields of cotton, too;
The spineless cactus—best fodder e'er man grew!

Here fields of sugar beets the eye will please,
And sweet alfalfa waves in luscious seas;
In Coachella valley, date palms spread—
In Yucaipa land grow apples big and red.

The ostrich and the alligator farms
Afford amusement—add to woman's charms;
The San Joaquin valley adds its tasty store
Of figs, grapes, prunes and luscious things galore.

But the greatest thing of all in this great land
Is the orange grove—so fragrant and so grand;
Casabas sweet, with watermelons vie,
While grape-fruit and peach orchards oft you'll spy.

'Tis in Tulare county where one sees
A wonder of the world—the redwood trees;
Why, there are some near thirty feet at base,
That reach three hundred feet up into space!

But many love the Eucalyptus best—
Some stand one hundred feet from ground to crest;
While in the background loom the mountains grim—
Here's scenery to meet one's every whim.

There's beautiful Lake Tahoe—I 'most forgot—
A splendid place to go to fish and yacht;
In California's marshes, cranes we see—
In the mountains, wolves, deer, bears and lions be!

'Round Bakersfield comes little from the soil,
But there a world of wealth comes forth in oil;
There's scarce a thing you'll name, but here is found—
Of all the stuff that's taken from the ground.

Within our cities one can go and find,
In color, tongue, religion—his own kind;
Poor folk declare this climate safest yet—
About their fuel and clothes, they've less to fret.

This State's a splendid place to come and rest—
And those who can stay the longest are most blest;
They renew their joy in living—for they see
One place where things are, as we'd have them be!

So many come for health and find it here—
Some come too late for aught to help or cheer;
Here Father Time wears an indulgent smile,
And for the old folks, just turns back a while!

The yards and hedges yield for slightest care,
Profusion great—there are flowers everywhere—
Sweet violets, roses and geranium,
Poinsettias, poppy and chrysanthemum.

Who could from loving flowers now refrain—
Make these dear smiles of God exist in vain?
Hydrangea, hyacinth and lilies white,
Nasturtiums and sweet peas, e'en bees delight!

The gaudy moths and butterflies flit past
In glad parade—no need for them to fast;
The humming birds call California, "home"—
When joy and food abound, what need to roam?

All through the night the mocking birds here sing;
By day, red-headed linnets on the wing
Fruit-robbers prove—yet pipe sweet tunes; just hark
Yon bull-finch rivaling nightingale and lark!

Strut, satin blackbird—sing, gay oriole—
Let man expand his sordid, hardened soul;
The sportive seals make merry 'mid the rocks—
Ducks, geese and quail, speed marshward in gay flocks.

All nature's joyous—life is worth the while—
Sure, all have blessings—only fools revile;
If Fortune lets you come out Sunset-way,
You'll swear "*Old Cal*" '*s the place wherein to stay!*

A GOOD WORLD

Sometimes the best of us get down,
And dear Dame Fortune seems to frown;
Our precious friends keep finding fault,
And fears and doubts our peace assault;
The means that cheered no more renews—
We admit with shame, we've got the blues!
Then some blithe comrade heeds the call,
And say, 'tis a good world after all!

We're none of us so big and strong
But need some cheer to help along.
We need the human touch, and word
Of kindly interest—a heart yet stirred
With warm regard . These prove *we count!*
And straightway make the life-glow mount;
They boost the spirits, scale the wall—
Aver, 'tis a good world after all!

The wildest song of joy,
  The loftiest words of praise,
Bow down in awe and silence—
  The skill of Orpheus stays!
A theme too grand for mortal terms—
The Dawn of Bliss now heaven affirms;
The Gift of Love—unbought, unsnared,
All freed of self—with grace prepared.

Oh, is this really true?
  What merit can I show?
Of beauty, fame or riches
  No dower can I bestow.
Nor have I wrought for thee, dear heart,
Nor used Dan Cupid's guile or dart.
Pray tell—hast come through Fancy's dream
To vanish with the Day-star's beam?

THE MIRACLE OF LOVE

The miracle of love has come to me!
The Answer to my voiceless prayer I see.
A queen among her kind my need hath guessed—
Hath brought me joy, content, and sweetest rest.

O gentle, velvet hands that raised my head
From dust and ashes, and about me spread
The magic mantle of unselfish love
Exalted thus my soul to planes above.

O beaming eyes of wondrous hue benign
With golden, feminine heart and mind they shine;
They gazed on me with understanding sweet—
With loving impulse, warm her heart then beat.

Sweet, tender lips—dear arms and bosom fair,
How dared I hope that I might nestle there?
And clasp you yet again in long embrace—
Press raptured kisses on your neck and face!

O lovely creature, full of grace and charm,
God grant that none shall do you any harm;
Would I might shield and guide you where you go—
Companionship and service humbly show.

For, since I held you, life hath sweeter grown—
And blessed seeds of hope and joy are sown;
Would God 'twere mutual—then my own you'd be—
Rejoicing, love to spend your life with me.

BROWN-EYES

Brown-eyes with tender light aglow,
  Lotus-like, wondrous and shy,
Wherein a spirit more lovely doth show
  Than the temple which men descry;
Soft thine arms and tender thy breast;
Womanly charms upon thee rest,
Ah! 'tis no wonder I love thee best,
Sweet maid with the tender brown-eyes.

Brown-eyes! Intelligence shining there,
  Telling of progress and light,
Would you could tell me your owner does care
  And the future for me is bright!
Hers the touch of an angel's hand,
Thrilling with joy as though heaven planned
We'd bless each other and understand—
Dear Love, with the tender brown-eyes.

BLUE EYES

Blue eyes that smile "good morning,"
Beaming with loving care,
Watching, to tell their sweet owner
That here is a task she can share;
Interest and constancy kindling
Love-lights that faithfully shine,
Though her soul seem to be faulty
Its virtues but prove it divine.

CHORUS

Love brings to Life sweetest music—
A language all its own;
Speaking in look and contact,
In service and in tone.
She is my loving companion
Binding with homely ties; . .
And I'm blessed all my days, in a thousand ways
By her of the sweet blue eyes!

Blue eyes, with gaze so unflinching
Tell of a heart pure as dew,
Ideals a wee bit old-fashioned
But sweet as the summer's review.
Blue eyes, so luminous, tender,
Their evening message disclose;
Calm as a river at sunset,
Trustful—as a God-child who knows!

CHORUS

I'VE FOUND A MAN

Shoulders broad and hips so trim,
Sinews tough as a hickory limb;
Light as a panther, lithe as an eel,
Chest like a greyhound—a grip like steel;
Lion of heart, with a voice that rings,
Tuned like a harp of a thousand strings;
As kind as brave and as brave as strong—
My heart with him he took along.

REFRAIN

I've found a man I can love for aye—
I've found a comrade for work and play;
Ne'er known such joy as now thrills with glee—
The greatest love has come to me!

Mind as keen as Damascus steel—
Able to grapple with any deal;
Genial spirit—generous too—
Gifted with conscience, leal and true;
I know by his frame he can play a man's role—
I see by his thoughts he's a noble soul;
I see by his eye he's sincere—wants me—
With joy I'll yield to Love's decree!

REFRAIN

I've found the man I can love for aye—
I've found my comrade for work and play;
Ne'er known such joy as now thrills with glee—
The man I love is loving me!

REMEMBERED

Sweetheart, the days and nights are long—
Night-birds echo my lonely song;
Nor sigh nor song my heart relieve
From dark till dawn or morn till eve.
What though I dream of wish fulfilled,
The yearning yet remains unstilled;
'Tis you I crave—to you I cleave—
From dark till dawn and morn till eve.

REFRAIN

My Consolation—Sweet Repose—
With yours my soul e'er linking,
Of all the world 'twas you I chose,
Of you then, still, I'm thinking.

The distant hills lie blue and grand
Like sea-waves made by master-hand;
As sure as they, my love receive
From dark till dawn and morn till eve.
Thy *living presence* bring to me—
Nor fancy aught can solace be
But thine own self; thy joy come weave
From dark till dawn and morn till eve.

REFRAIN

A HAPPY PAIR

Soft the perfumed air is blowing
Sweetly sing the happy birds,
Shines the splendid sun, bestowing
Kindly beams like gracious words;
Love by equal love reflected
Claims its own as two agree;
Call and *Answer*, heard, respected—
Holy ties that bind, yet free.

Now the best in them exalted,
Faith and Hope with Love descried,
Tender thoughts and joy in service
Humanness thus glorified.
Joy be theirs, today, tomorrow—
Harmony and rapport new;
God revealing, scouting sorrow—
Progress all their whole lives through.

FAREWELL

We have packed your things for travel,
Wished you both all wedded bliss
While each thing we have handled
We've foreseen we'll often miss.

All is done save bidding God-speed
And we're holding back our tears
As we hope for a re-union
Ere the months have grown to years.

May the ties that bind grow stronger
As the scroll of life unrolls;
May each find, before much longer,
Fond ambition's worthiest goals.

Don't forget we're watching, waiting—
Keeping home-fires burning, too;
Fame and Fortune raise your rating—
But—come home and joys renew.

LITTLE BLOSSOM

O sweet little blossom so stately and gay
Reflecting *God's sunshine* in your blessed way,
It's good that you're with us—a gift from above—
The world would be darker without you to love.

O sweet little blossom, we're watching you grow—
Unfolding quite flower-like as years come and go;
And birthdays, it seems, are adding so fast
While each phase of childhood too quickly is passed.

O sweet little blossom, our refuge is here:
That you are *God's child* and there's nothing to fear!
We'd help you to choose the best use of your time,
And onward and upward in progress to climb.

GOOD CHEER

My heart with love o'erflowing,
  In all around I see
But beauty, joy and kindness—
  A world from gloom set free;
The sky so soft, in azure deep,
The radiant sun with quickening sweep;
Awake, rejoice, with vision clear,
Now spread the gospel of Good Cheer!

The birds their paeans singing,
  The flowers in myriad hues,
In grateful rapture springing,
  Their happy homage choose;
With nature glad, shall man be sad
And let his thought with gloom be clad?
Awake, rejoice! thy vision clear—
Come share with me the real Good Cheer!

WHAT IS LOVE

I

Pray tell me, what is love?
  Is it an ardent fire
Which burns insatiate—
  Incontinent desire?
Is it a white-heat flame
  Which full control assumes
The powers of the frame
  All heedlessly consumes?

Pray tell me, what is love?
  The lure of sense-delight
That makes you disregard
  The morrow and the right?
Convenience, comfort, mood
  Of your companion, till
You clutch the witching food
  And gain th' ecstatic thrill?

Or yet, is love the thing
  That casts respect aside
To let self revel, king,
  Nor lofty thoughts abide,
As does dumb brute whose mind
  Is limited to sense,
And as a creature, find
  Such course life's recompense?

The answer yet I seek—
  A sane reply I crave;
Let him with wisdom speak—
  The need for Truth is grave.
Is love companionship
  In idleness and ease
Long tarrying where you yield
  And appetites appease?

II

What is love?
Let you have conquered fleshly urge—
  Attained to intellect's lofty height—
But deign to heed my cry—diverge;
  From your plateau of thought recite.
Is love the cold impassive claim
  Of appreciation, virtue, worth,
Intelligence, skill and lofty aim—
  Which knows more dignity than mirth—
And scorns the pleading humanness
  Of this, the being chosen then,
To be the nearest, dearest; yes,
  Your chum in all your kind may ken?

Will it scorn Dame Nature's plain-told plan—
  Her bounteous gifts, which should rejoice;
Or grace and charm, releasing ban
  On sight and sound and smell and choice?
The pulsing flesh that waits the touch
  Which in one blissful moment pays
For all the fights that cost so much
  And all the grief of life allays?

Will love despise the fond caress—
  The throbbing frame that longs to bless;
The heart that pleads to sacrifice—
  And counts no pain too great a price
But yearns to comfort, rest and *give*,
  If but thereby the mate may live.
Will love forget—replace so soon
  This comradeship—life's dearest boon?

Will it hold asceticism right
And humanness but carnal mind—
Constrain the child to coldly slight,
Condemn its mother, nature-blind?
Do you say, affection's foolish stuff
That infant fondling really seems
But mammal instinct, sure enough,
And kisses, fit for Judas' schemes!

III

Arise, ye souls that claim to be re-born,
And left the toys of infancy behind;
The lure of Hedonism who've learned to scorn—
The things of present life, for heaven resigned.
Tell me. Is love that vague, ethereal thing,
Impersonal essence, straight from Paradise
That makes man live the Golden Rule and cling
To habits of philanthropy precise?
That lifts the robber's victim from the dust
Or gutter-fallen son of Bacchus takes
To sheltering arms of home, new hope and trust?
Which prompts a vice crusade—or slumming, makes
A show of kind concern, dispensing tracts
Among soiled doves who missed the happier way—
Feels duly shocked to see what Shame enacts—
To view these wrecks and degradation's prey?

Define love clear. Is it love that doth endow
A hospital or more where the poor may pitch,
Or is such done that Fame may view; avow
The giver grgeat. Behold—one man was rich!
Or is it love that stands betwixt a man
And his just sentence as the mighty can,
Or is their clemency more but to impress
The masses and make show of tenderness?

Have patience with me—do not scorn to tell
So my untutored soul may grasp the sense!
Is it love that gives up all that pleases well
To go to foreign lands and there dispense
One's own preferred religion to those folk
Of other tongues—but notions quite as clear
As ours, regarding Truth; who light invoke
And worship God with holy faith and fear?
Perceive no need of doctrines new, and creeds
That seem the fruit of Holy Writ. They feel,
Too many sects and zealots' points but feed
Dissensions, and great verities conceal.
They too with me would ask: Oh, is this love—
Which feels no personal regard for one,
And none more close or dear—none stand above
The rest, in thought and heart—no ties begun?

IV

Avaunt! Ye all are warped, the issue waive;
Ye stall and speak with faltering tongue
And logic quite as dull as earthling's grave,
When on this matter ye should be full strung.
When human wisdom fails to qualify—
When sages, seers and prophets shrug and shirk
Mayhap some simple God-child such as I
Can tell the story—pierce the fog and murk.

Ah love! to know thee is to live indeed!
'Tis love deals gently, kindly all the way—
Expresses life, meets every shade of need,
Creates all beauty's marvelous array;
Calls forth the grand parade of Wisdom's part,
Fills all God's universe with joy and good,
With oil for every head and balm for heart,
Gives all a use and place as Wisdom should.

'Tis Love inspires, uplifts and glorifies—
Brings out the latent powers and good descries
In everything about—or low or high—
And knows it is the Truth that God is nigh.
So on this plane, 'tis only worth the name
When equal in each phase. Our present frame
Needs ministrations—body, mind and soul—
And no one part may claim to be the whole.

By loyal, earnest loving, here on earth,
We win promotion—gain a higher birth.
To bear and forbear, vanquish self, we learn—
That only good can bless we thus discern.
We see it is our blessed part to be
The best of what we are—high humans—free
To choose our course and harvest what we sow;
Old carnal mind is dross we must outgrow.

Ah, Love is understanding, sympathy;
It longs to help—it scouts all tyranny,
'Tis Love that doeth good—casts out all fear;
It is of God—fills heart and life with cheer!

I WONDER WHY

I wonder why there seems no other way
To rise, except we fall; or flowers gay
With concentrated fragrance only bless
When torn from state and crushed within a press?
That better qualified to win, each soul
Which earnest strives, yet fails to win its goal?
Why hopes deferred till anguished, sick, we cry,
Seem best for growth? Ah me—I wonder why?

I wonder why the Truth is hard to see—
Why we can be misled and few agree;
Why some who yearn for light but find the dark—
Defeat and bondage seem each life to mark?
Why 'tis so rare to find one who can bless—
Can give us courage by their tenderness;
Why swine can lure the pearls—nor know, nor try,
While those who strive get naught—I wonder why?

I wonder why with chance so rare and fleet,
In vain I sued for mercy at your feet,
And shameless bared my ardent, weary soul—
Believed we *understood* and echoed toll;
Why choice of words or passing mood offends,
When still the heart no bitterness intends,
But only yearns to help and bless and try
To speak in fond caress—I wonder why?

I wonder why your graceful, curving lips,
Your rounding cheek, soft eyes, and charm, eclipse
The women-folk that I have chanced to meet—
In all that heart could wish you seem replete;
Yet like a mirage in the desert waste
You came, a vision sweet—but soon effaced;
Since, *while we may*, I could not qualify
For fellowship with you—I wonder why?

I wonder why so seldom realized
Are those sweet dreams we have idealized,
And things we think we want and fight to get
Prove void of satisfaction when they're met;
And priceless treasures offer but in vain—
Are scorned, e'en when one knows rebuff will pain!
But if hereby you're spared one anguished sigh,
'Tis better so. And yet—I wonder why?

I wonder why the secret still is hid
Of how to get all good and peace; and rid
Our consciousness of all that blights and grieves—
So he who toils the fairer wage receives!
If it must be that I but yearn in vain
And strive unblessed—the ministry of pain—
I'll do my bit, (since you reward deny!),
Why cheat us both—O Love, pray tell me why?

I wonder why this trial has come to me—
What ancient CAUSE made this RESULT to be—
Demands that I may ardent soul must quell,
Resist your charm—the gifts I love so well!
Must cease my pretty speeches, act so cool—
Renounce the role of sentimental fool!
To hopes of sweet communion say goodbye—
Go on, accept my fate—but wonder, why?

I wonder why, in spite of thought and grit
It proves so hard to find a place we'll fit—
The thing we want is *ofttimes* out of reach—
And all our struggles fail to span the breach;
From glint of silken tress of red-wood hue
To sole of grace-wise feet, all told, you're you!
Who takes of joy must pay in sob and sigh,
I'll cease—you say I must! I wonder why?

I wonder why 'tis not my lot to give
All that you wish and pray for. Yet you'll live
Perchance, to see it is the simple fact
That none could furnish all—aye, something lacked!
I beg you be not ruthless now, forsooth,
But yield to reason, face the cruel truth!
The strongest man or thing must shortly die—
But has his day. Is this not mine? Then why?

A WOMAN'S LOVE

Mere man—so dull thou art of ear and eye,
To read a woman's soul, small use to try;
E'en though in other things thy wit be keen,
The vastness of her depths remain unseen.
All man beholds is that which, mirrored now,
His ardent self, just when she doth allow
Upon her surface—as when two souls touch—
Man bows in awe that she can love so much!

Hence, seldom fair esteemed or understood,
She must add patience to her store of good;
Must rise to towering heights and find reward
In learning *unself-ed love* doth joy afford!
A mere man, such as I, may never gain
So high a sphere—a fit response sustain;
Yet I recall with awe your deeds and touch—
Who would have dreamed that you could love so much?

ANCHORAGE

Bursting with joy this glad heart seems—
The world with glory glows;
With music sweet anon it teems,
All fair the breeze that blows.

Loveliest creature ever seen—
At last my heart finds rest;
My peerless, radiant, gentle queen,
Thou art life's dearest, best.

Fair, creamy white thy velvet sheath—
Thine eyes so tender, sweet;
All womanly the soul beneath—
With charm thou art replete.

Gladly I pass the giddy throngs—
Sensations new they seek;
Their laughter, empty as their songs,
Their way, all downward, bleak!

Glorious the guerdon of thy breast!
Within thy loving arms
Is quiet joy, and peace and rest—
Heart-home that lifts and charms!

Thy silken hair—I love its sheen;
Thy form so soft and round;
Thy lips whose graceful curves I ween,
For lingering kisses bound.

While I adore thine outward mask,
I'm happier still to know
Thou hast a mind—nor shirk thy task,
And daily progress show.

Heart that forgives—nor charges fault—
I think of thee with tears
Of grateful yearning; you exalt
And scout despair and fears!

Ambitious, energetic too,
And loyal to the core
I'll love you all our whole lives through,
Sweet pal—then better, more.

BECAUSE I KNOW YOU LOVE ME

How fair and bright the world all seems;
Fulfilled are all life's dearest dreams;
With hope and joy the future gleams
Because I know you love me!

I fear no ill, I know no care,
And good seems blooming everywhere—
No longer hard the way I fare,
Because I know you love me!

The zephyrs blow a kind caress,
The world seems full of tenderness;
While all I touch essays to bless,
Because I know you love me!

How good it seems to be alive!
Now higher impulse seems to thrive;
No longer need I search and strive—
Because I know you love me!

The air seems filled with sweet perfume,
The earth, the sky, seem all a-bloom,
And lonely grief no more finds room
Because I know you love me!

All is success—I've found my Prize!
Behold love's blessing in your eyes!
Whate'er my lot, for you I'll rise,
Because I know you love me!

THE NARROW WAY

None but the good are beautiful,
None but the kind are truly great;
None but the wise are dutiful,
None but the faithless hesitate.

Only the grateful can rejoice—
Only the honest rest in peace.
Only the meek are soft of voice,
Only the patient gain release!

THE LODESTAR

With fear and doubt enthralling
The mortal Adam-man,
Will, cannot save from falling,
Nor bless the dearest plan;
The cup of worldly pleasure
Yields naught but bitter dregs;
And empty proves earth's measure—
In vain for joy he begs.

But for the man who catches
A glimmer of the Truth,
Comes power that more than matches
All claims of ill, forsooth.
"Let there be light!" said Godhead—
And there was light indeed;
So shall the child, illumined,
Find cure for every need.

SEEKER'S SONG

O Sun of Truth, dawn thou on us who wait;
Open our eyes.
The mists of mortal thought now penetrate—
Destroy its lies.
Systems of thought and creeds in countless throng
Veil heavenly skies;
They teach sincerely wrong.

O Day-Star, many say thou'lt come again
In human form;
Come as a thief at night and none know when—
Wilt all transform.
Yearning for truth, our hearts now overflow;
Mark Error's storm—
Make haste—we need thee so!

Look on the tears by earnest seekers shed—
Their ceaseless search;
Perplexed, bewildered, and so oft misled,
They can but lurch.
Those promises fulfill that we may know
Thy Body—Church;
Come Lord, we need thee so!

WAITING

O mother—it is night and time to pray;
I kneel in holy silence in the way
You taught me in my early childhood's course
And nurtured daily. Thus Prayer's gentle force
Still permeates my heart and life; dost see?
Ah, tend me now as here the world I flee
To seek a closer touch with God above
And strive to feel e'en now, your tender love.

'Tis not so long ago you took your way
To realms beyond the ken of mortal clay;
But hours and days drag by with leaden feet
And only night is good when solace sweet
Is lent me as when Morpheus' kind embrace
Brings sleep's forgetfulness a little space—
Till with the morning's light I wake to know
You are not here; and Ah, I miss you so!

O mother, what though every earthly need
Be fully met, and all you planned proceed—
My schooling, culture—all a girl should own—
A healthy body, now an adult grown;
And while my heart with gratitude o'erflows,
For all of this, yet Time a laggard goes
Since nevermore on earth thy face I'll see
And though I call, you cannot come to me.

Those happy, golden days, O mother dear,
When you, my friend and comrade, still wert near
Must e'er remain the sweetest of my life—
With your companionship, Ah, joy was rife;
Would God your tender touch could reach me now—
Your wealth of love and understanding still endow
The course of life. I'll wait my call with grace,
But miss you so—a loss naught can replace!

HEART COURAGEOUS

(a cruce salus)

Though black my night with sullen gloom,
Though ripping lightnings threaten doom,
Though loud the thunders crash and boom,
My soul goes on unshaken!

Though torrents pour and chasms yawn,
The treacherous way make life a pawn,
The "better day" forget to dawn,
Thank God I stand unbeaten!

It matters not how oft I fall—
What troubles tower, what demons maul,
What tricks or lies essay to pall,
I am—I know—I'll conquer!

No circumstance shall crush me down—
I'll gain the heights though Fate still frown;
I'll claim my right of Good—my crown;
The Truth-way Home, I've taken!

THE ULTIMATE

Darkness—thick—that can be felt;
Misery, mud and mire;
Labor and strife to each one dealt,
Affliction's torturing fire.

Winter-storms and bitter cold,
Skies o'ercast and gray,
Comfort lean and hardship bold—
New problems every day.

Anger leaping to the throat—
Criticism rife;
Times of peace and joy remote—
What bitterness in life!

See! the dawning Sun shines out—
Darkness disappears;
Error's legions put to rout,
With all its doubts and fears.

Old things now are passed away
As Truth is understood;
No matter how things seem today,
The END, the REAL, is GOOD!

IL CAMMINO*
(The Way)

The Path—a tortuous Way we all must tread
From cradle warm to lonely bed of ground.
Whereon are problems, cares, all thickly spread,
And disappointments, sore defeats abound.

So must it be till Truth is understood—
Till mortals scout the dross of carnal mind;
Adopt the law of love—do only good,
Rejoice in service, love but to be kind.

In tenderness, the faults and failings hide
Of these thy brethren on the road today;
Bind *thou* the stranger's wounds—forbear to chide;
And comfort one another on the Way.

*Italian—meaning, the path, the road, the course, the way of a journey.

BY THE WESTERN SEA

Queen of the earth, O peerless one!
Thine unveiled charms may none resist;
But captive bow, all fairly done,
And crowned by lovers thou hast kissed;
Thy glorious mountains, bosom fair,
Thy fertile valleys graces rare;
Thy dazzling sunsets vanquish care—
Dear California!

REFRAIN

By the western sea,
Is the fairest lea—
No room for care
In you or me;
Hear the zephyr's tune
In the treetops croon!
Hours flit by too soon
In California.

Here, sweet fulfillment of a dream,
Edenic peace and beauty reign;
While flow'r and fern and fragrance seem
An endless, gorgeous, happy train.
At eve the star-gemmed crown of blue
To raise the gaze from earth will sue;
No soul's forlorn who dares to woo
Sweet California!

REFRAIN

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